

TWO
LETTERS

FROM A
GENTLEWOMAN near *Edinburgh*,
TO HER
DAUGHTER in *London* :

CONTAINING

A Plain and Unaffected Narrative of
what has passed in that CITY since the
Commencement of the PRESENT
REBELLION.

To which is added,

A Seasonable ADDRESS to the SOLDIERS of
his MAJESTY'S ARMY, and the *Gentlemen*
Volunteers and others, now in Arms for
the Defence of his Sacred Person and Go-
vernment, and of the Liberties of this
Nation.

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Edinburgh
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THE
P R E F A C E.

THE following Letters the Reader may be assured are genuine, and are published not so much for the Intelligence they contain, (which, however, may entirely be depended on) as for the honest Openness and Sincerity of Heart with which they are written; a Character the Writer is eminently distinguished for, among all who have the Happiness to know her.

To

To an unprejudiced Englishman too, they will serve to wipe off the Scandal with which the Northern Part of the Island has been so unjustly loaded, since the Beginning of this unhappy Affair. A little Time will soon clear all up, and the Guilty Few be distinguished from the Innocent Many.

Mean while, let no true Briton imagine, that those who are so ready to foment Jealousies and Distrusts between the now happily united Nations are real Friends to either. Our Enemies know our great Security lies in our UNION, and will doubtless, at this Time especially, set every Engine at work to DIVIDE us. This is one of the main Artifices the Bold Invader makes use of to support his desperate Cause. Let us be-

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beware——Knaves and Traitors are the Growth of every Soil : But all Lovers of Liberty may be assured, that the Hearts and Hands of all true Scotsmen are on their Side ; and ready to assist in the glorious Cause, to the utmost of their Power, on all Occasions.

The Address to the Soldiers, which is subjoined, has no Relation to what goes before it. It is only an humble Attempt to encourage that Part of our Fellow Subjects, who are, by their Profession, more eminently exposed to Danger in our common Defence, to behave gallantly on so important an Occasion. However short the Writer may have come of the End he proposed, the Public, 'tis hop'd, will favour the Intention : And it may, perhaps, induce Men of Ability and

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For-

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Fortune to employ their Heads, their Hands, and all their Influence in their Country's Service, at this critical Juncture, when they see so poor a Mite thrown into that Treasury of Public Spirit, which has, of late, been so gloriously and so seasonably exerted.



W. S.

TWO

(3)

T W O
L E T T E R S

FROM A
GENTLEWOMAN near *Edinburgh*,
TO HER
DAUGHTER in *London*, &c.

My Dear Child,

I Have just as much Time as to tell you something of our sad Story. Our P-----st, with about twenty Jacobites about him, which they had the Impudence to call a Meeting of the Inhabitants of *Edinburgh*, gave up the Town : Before this happened, they had been at Pains to frighten the Cowards
A 2 and

and the Women, and talked much of the Number of the Rebels, and that we would not be able to hold out against them : But he (the P----ft) was always a Clog on every Thing that was done. We had 1250 Men in Arms, of which there were 600 Gentlemen, that would have stood it to the last : Besides, we had the Offer of *Gardner's* and *Hamilton's* Dragoons ; and then we had the Castle, which could have defended the West-Port ; and the North-Loch ; and 400 Soldiers in the Castle : But our P----ft would hear no body but those that were for destroying us. When the Volunteers found that all was given up, they run without Orders to the Castle, and delivered their Arms ; but the P----ft still continued the common Town-Guard under theirs ; so that when the Rebels enter'd the Town at six a-clock in the Morning, they got 200 Stand of good Arms, and all the Train'd Bands Arms. About twenty-five Men that were not discharged from guarding *Bristol-Port*, when they heard that the Rebels had enter'd the Nether-Bow-Port, run to the Castle with their Arms, and before the last Man
got

got in, the Rebels were the Length of the Weigh House. The poor Fellows run up the Castle-Wynd, otherwise they had certainly been catch'd. They (the Rebels) did nothing uncivil in Town, but on *Friday* they demanded from the Town 6000 Pair of Shoes, 2000 Tents, 6000 Cantines, 2000 Targets, and now half a Crown in the Pound for every House.

On the *Saturday* Morning the Battle was fought at the Place where your Coach gave way when you went to *London*. The Name of the Place is *Preston*. The Numbers of our Men and theirs, by all I can learn, were very near equal : But as I have been often told by different People that were on the Spot at the Time, that after our Men were drawn up in Form of Battle, their General *C-pe* was never seen. Some said, he scour'd off for *Berwick* ; others said, he got off to a Man of War that lay off there ; the Men themselves say, they were sold or left in the Lurch, and betrayed, their G——l having run off before they fired a Shot. The Highlanders fired but once, which did little Execution amongst them ; but
then

then they run in with the utmost Fury, with their Broad Swords. Our poor Foot had nothing to defend themselves but their Gun and Bayonet against their Broad Sword and Target. They routed our Men, and killed 300 of them. I saw a Gentleman this Night, who told me he had a Companion that was kill'd there ; that another Companion of theirs was at *Preston*, after all was over, and looking amongst the Dead, he saw his Friend lying butcher'd in a terrible Manner, his Hands cut off, and his Head split to his Chin, and not as much Flesh left on him as would be a Dish of Stakes for a Canibal. He says, there is a great deal said for the Young Gentleman's Humanity that is amongst us ; but I am told it could not well be believed, by the cruel Way the Fellows went on at *Preston*. But it is thought great in him not to murder us all, when we are in his Power. He made it Death for any one to go to the Castle or come from it without his Leave, and endeavoured to raise a Battery at the great Cistern. I myself saw them cock their Guns at the Castle ; all this was to stop
Pro-

Provisions going to the Castle ; this they could not suffer, and fired down through the Town, and killed a good many of the Rebels, dislodged them out of the Weigh-House, and there is two Houses burnt on the Hill, and one at *Livingston's* Yards. Poor B—y W---n at the Bow-head, was turn'd out of her House in the Night, and she was forc'd to have her Brother, who was confin'd to his Bed, carried on a Pallat to the lower End of the Town. Imagine what a terrible Thing this is, to have the Castle and them firing at one another, and the poor People frightned out of their Wits. Some Friends of yours dare not be seen, nor so much as known where they are. Thank God we are all well. Don't sign your Name when you write. May God for ever bless you all. Don't be uneasy on our Accounts. All will be well yet. God has taken Care of Virtue and unaffected Goodness in all Ages ; he is as faithful as ever, and will protect Innocence. The Young Gentleman that we have got amongst us buffes the Ladies, so that he gains their Hearts. We must certainly have

have the Duke of *Cumberland* to kiss the Ladies and fight those Dogs, or there will be no living here for honest People. This goes by a Friend to *Berwick*. Don't say our Town was taken; it was basely betrayed by those whose Duty it was to protect us. We could never have been taken by 1600 Men without Cannon. This was all that were armed of them till they got to us, but now they are all well provided: All but that 1600 were scarcely and poorly armed. I wish you make any Thing of this, it was done in such a Hurry. I am,

My Dear Child,

Your affectionate Mother, &c.

L E T

My Dear Child,

I Received yours dated the 12th. I had wrote you two Letters in a Hurry, telling you our real Situation. The last I don't remember if I dated it; the first went by a Friend that was to go to *Berwick*. We left our own House on *Wednesday*, because the Highlanders had possessed themselves of the Assembly Room, and had it full of Straw to the Door for Beds. On *Tuesday* Night they had got in Drink and Light, so that we were afraid that they might fire the House in their Cups, and burn themselves and us too. I own I could not think of going to the other World in such Company; so on *Wednesday* we sent your Friend * to the Castle, and all the rest of us went and lived in *James's* Court. I was in the Castle once every Day, where every Thing was look'd after with great Care. Poor old General *Preston* was carried round the Batteries several times a-day, and Ge-

* She means her Husband, a Person of known Integrity, in a very honourable Station at *Edinburgh*, the Duties of which he discharges with the highest Reputation.

néral *Guest* was no less watchful ; he never goes to Bed till six in the Morning, when the other is up. All the other Officers and Soldiers do their Duty with Pleasure. I must tell you I saw *J----* *R---* your old Play-fellow, who has join'd the Pretender, and got on Highland Cloaths and a white Cockade, which is their Livery : He said some rough Things, to which we said nothing ; but I banter'd him a little for his Dress, when he could not speak their Language ; so he went off. But on the *Saturday* after our Men were defeat through the Cowardice and want of Conduct in that poor hurried Body *C-pe*, I begun to think we might not be so well used : So in the Evening I went to the Castle, and begg'd your Friend to go along with us to the Country, before the Highlanders could come to Town again ; if they were come to Town, possibly we would not get off so easily ; so at last, with some Intreaty, I got your Friend to go ; so off we came with eight of us in Company, at five a-clock at Night on Foot, and then we concerted where we should go. Think what a
 poor

poor Equipage this was ! Nothing with us but what was on our Backs. We had a Shirt and some Frocks for the poor little Baby, who had never been us'd to Hardships. She was very good, poor Soul ; indeed it was her only that gave us Pain, fearing she might be the worse of the Night Air. The Servants did all they could to make us easy, and were willing to follow us wherever we went. To show you how Innocence is Heaven's Care, after we had wander'd about a Mile in this Condition, we accidentally met a Friend, that provided us with a Machine that carried six of us where we wanted to be, and got Horses for the other two. We could not get either Horse, Coach or Chaise that Day, if we had given three Prices for them. When our P----st gave up the Town to the Highlanders, our Gentlemen that were Volunteers, and most of those that were for defending the Town against the Highlanders, left it either on Foot or Horse, and the Highlanders took all the Horse they could get in the Town or Suburbs with them ; so there was nothing left us. They have

been at *Douglas*, and got there forty Stand of Arms, and, some say, two hundred Pounds in Money. Some say, the Duke was not at home ; but others say he was, and said, Gentlemen, What do you want ? Arms and Money, say they. But don't you know you'll all be hang'd for this ? No Help for that now, we must take our Hazard. Then they went to Duke *H-----n's*, and din'd, and stay'd all Night, and carried off the Duke's fine Tents, which he kept for his Goat-whey Expeditions, and some Horses, and took all the good Horses they could find on the Road. You cannot imagine the Hurry the poor People in the Country are in, for they break into their Houses, take their Cloaths, their Linens, and then Horses, and off they go. Duke *H-----n* is in *England*, so it is not known how he is affected : But sure it is that Mr. *W---*, his principal Manager, and even some others of them, like the Cause that these bare Tails are engaged in very well ; and it is not doubted but they would do all they could with Safety to promote their Interest. The Highlanders behaved very discreetly in
Town

Town for some time; but now that they have left their Camp at *Dudingston*, and are all in Town, or in the little Towns about, they do nothing but break Houses, and rob and play the Mischief. They robb'd our Servant t'other Day in View of their Camp; but he durst not call out, for they threatned to shoot him if he did. There was a Thing that frightened the Inhabitants much, that the Town was to be batter'd down unless the Highlanders went out of it. They had no such Orders in the Castle when I left them; but it was said they had received them after that; but I saw one who had been there, who told me, that if the Access to the Castle was stop'd, they were to fire their Cannon through the Streets wherever they saw any of them. Accordingly their Prince, as they call him, did block up all Entrance, on Pain of being shot immediately. On this they fired down into all the Places where they saw any of them, and killed a good many of them, and had the Misfortune to kill some innocent People that did not stay within Doors while the Blockade was on.

There

There was no Business going in Town, nor is there yet any going, for what I can learn. There was a Ball that struck on *Haddo's Hole* Church, and another on the End of the Lucken Booths; and some others struck on some Houses, but did no Harm, as I am told. Tho' I was afraid they might have brought down the Assembly House, I am sure there was no Officer in the Castle, but would have hurt himself as soon as they would the poor Inhabitants. If I can guess at any Thing by what I saw myself, they seem'd to be in real Concern lest any Thing unlucky should happen us; and indeed I never could think that a King that had govern'd us so mildly, should ruin us for the Fault of one Man without hearing us, I mean our P-----st, who has brought all those Misfortunes on us, which might have been prevented, had it not been for him. God forgive him! You will, maybe, hear in *England*, that we are all *Jacobites* in *Scotland*; but it is a manifold Falshood, as this very Story has shown. For after all the fine Papers they have printed, of Promises and Threatnings both
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in this World and that to come ; in one of their Papers, address'd to Soldiers, they tell the People and them, if they don't come over to their true King, and be kill'd fighting against him, they will certainly go to Hell ; yet all this never moves them ; and all that they have muster'd up yet, is not above 6000, and this after their flaming News-Papers, and sending to the North to tell they have got the Castle, and all is their own, and that they can expect little that does nothing for their Prince. One Instance is this : I was told about fifty young Gentlemen came from the North, on hearing the Castle was surrender'd. When they came near, and heard the Firing, they ask'd what is the Prince firing for ? The Answer was, It is not the Prince, it is the Castle. Is not the Castle the Prince's ? No. Hum, This is a Bite indeed ; but there is no Help now, we must go on since we have come so far, we cannot go back. I assure you, there are as good Hearts and Hands for our present happy Constitution in *Scotland* as in any of our King's Dominions, that would venture Life and Fortune, if
they

they were but trusted. All our Great Ones, indeed, have, like Cowards, run into *England*, and left us. If they would send us the Duke of *Cumberland*, there would be such a Rising with him as was never seen in *Scotland*; he would see with what Joy his Father's *Scots* Subjects would receive him. I am,

My Dear Child,

Your affectionate Mother, &c.

P. S. Have you seen the Bishop of *York's* Speech? May God for ever bless him for this, and make him an Instrument of much Good, and ever continue him an Enemy to *Rome* and arbitrary Power. I love and esteem good Men of all Persuasions; but God deliver us from that Religion that don't think themselves bound to keep Faith with Hereticks.

A
SEASONABLE ADDRESS

TO THE
SOLDIERS of his MAJESTY'S ARMY,
AND THE
Gentlemen Volunteers and others,
now in Arms for the Defence
of his sacred Person and Govern-
ment, and of the Liberties of
this Nation.

Gentlemen,

YOU are now enlisted under his Ma-
jesty's Banner, to oppose the Di-
sturbers of our Peace, to put a Stop to
the Insults of lawless and ungrateful Trai-
tors, and to extinguish one of the most
unnatural Rebellions that was ever raised
in any Country under the Sun.

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Permit

Permit me, therefore (now you are assembling to encounter these desperate Men) just to remind you what a large Stake you are about to fight for, and how immediately your future Happiness, and that of all your Fellow-Subjects depends (under God) upon your Valour and Intrepidity.

And first, consider, Gentlemen, who you fight under. -- Not an ambitious Tyrant, that delights in War and Bloodshed; but a just, a brave, and a merciful Prince, who never led you on to Battle but in the Cause of Liberty, to repel the Encroachments of the common Disturbers of *Europe*, and to keep the Seat of War at as great a Distance as possible from his own People and Kingdoms; - A Prince, who through the whole Course of a long and glorious Reign, never wish'd to do any Thing against the establish'd Laws of the Land, nor ever made the least Attempt on the Property of any One of his Subjects: A Prince, in short, who has made it his constant and uninterrupted Care to promote the Peace and Happiness of these Nations, and the Liberties of *Europe*.

To

To fight for *such* a Prince, were enough to warm your *British* Hearts. For oh, Gentlemen! the Loss of him would, most assuredly, be attended with the Loss of all that is valuable to us. Don't you fire then at the Thought of exchanging him for a *Popish* Prince? For One who has been bred up in the Heart of *Rome* itself, under the immediate Tuition of the Pope: One who can never, either by his Education or Religion, make you even a tolerable Prince: Who can have no Idea how to govern a free People, or know how to restrain himself within the Bounds of Law: One, in short, who lying under the strongest Obligations to our avowed Enemies, will unavoidably be induced, as soon as he gets into Power, to shew such a Partiality to them, as must be intolerable to all True *Britons*; and pave the Way to our becoming either a Province to them; or, which is the same Thing, of rivetting us under the unsupportable Yoke of an arbitrary Government; whereby we shall become, beyond all Comparison, the most wretched Nation in *Europe*, since no Country whatever has so inborn a Desire of Liberty, or

enjoyed so much of it as we, since the late Glorious Revolution.

And what think you, my brave Countrymen, are *You* to expect? *You*, who have exposed your Lives so often for our Defence?---Why, immediately to have your old Protestant Officers, who have shared so many Toils and Dangers with you, exchanged for Popish ones; to have your Ranks filled up with zealous Papists, and then employed, not as Defenders of our Liberty and our holy Religion, but as the Instruments of their implacable Vengeance on your lost and enslaved Countrymen; and perhaps forced to drag your most valuable Friends, nay your own Wives and Children, to their Idolatrous Worship, or be compelled to be their Executioners for their Refusal.

I could enumerate a thousand Miseries that await us and our Posterity, if the cruel Designs of our Enemies succeed. But I am seized with Horror at the bare Mention of them. God avert the Danger, and inspire you with invincible Courage on this important Occasion!

To your immortal Honour be it spoken, *Gentlemen of the Army*, You are now more than ever the Terror of the *French Nation*.
Your

Your unequalled Valour in your last Engagement with them (tho' not crowned with the Success it deserved, through their numerous and well-plac'd Artillery) effectually convinc'd them of the Superiority of your Courage. How astonish'd were they to see you stand exposed to their Cannon, and perform Wonders amidst the hottest Fire that ever galled an Army! And how truly may it be said, that they were more afraid of you *after* that Defeat (if it may be called one) than *before* it. It is impossible then, Gentlemen, that you, who struck such a Panic in the *French* King at the Head of his best disciplin'd Troops, can be daunted at encountering a Parcel of ignorant, raw, undisciplin'd Traitors.

Your Brethren, at the Revolution, gloriously *deserted* their Prince, when he *deserted* the Cause of Liberty, and was about to make them the Tools of his lawless and arbitrary Purposes. They could not bear to do the Work of *Rome*, or be made the Instruments of promoting the Destruction of the best Constitution in the World. They made a noble Stand indeed; and to them, in a great Measure, it is owing that we can now say, *We are free.* And shall

shall not you then, as stedfastly *stand by* your King in Defence of that invaluable Blessing? For God's sake, be *you* as zealous to fight *for* Liberty, as *they* were unwilling to fight *against* it; exert yourselves, and shew yourselves Men. Consider, Gentlemen, Things are now so critically circumstanced, that the ill Success of the very next Encounter may give a fatal Blow to our Happiness. Numbers of Domestic Foes lurk every where amongst us, ready to snatch the first Opportunity to pull off the Mask, and daringly avow their Aversion to our present happy Establishment.

As for You, *Gentlemen Volunteers*, how commendable is your well-tim'd Zeal for your Country! What an Honour are You to the *British* Name? and how gloriously do you prove, that a Prince's best Defence is the Hearts of his Subjects? Never did *Britain's* honest Sons arm in a better Cause, or with more Alacrity. Fear not; be of good Courage; be not shock'd at their hideous Shouts and Acclamations: Tho' you have not been inured to warlike Exercises, 'tis your Country, 'tis your dear Country, 'tis all that's valuable in Life

Life you fight for. *This* shall inspire you with irresistible Intrepidity ; *This* shall teach you the Art of War, give you Victory over the Disturbers of the public Repose, and return you victorious to your grateful Friends and Families.

You are now going to repel the last Efforts of *France*. This is the only, and indeed the best Game she has to play. If she succeeds in this Enterprize, she'll have no Occasion henceforth to face us in the Field ; this will effectually do all her Business, Universal Dominion, so long aimed at by her, will then be at once attained ; and we shall infallibly be reduced to the deplorable Condition of her own Subjects --- a Condition to which Death is infinitely preferable.

And ought it not particularly to raise the Indignation of every honest Soldier, to perceive, that whilst our Monarch was gloriously engaged in checking their ambitious Views, by promoting the Election of an Emperor, they meanly try to embroil us at home by the basest Artifices.---Suppose a Person has left his own House to extinguish a Fire in his Neighbour's, what Opinion should you entertain

of the Man who takes that Opportunity to rob him, and set his Family by the Ears ?---That Man is *France*; the Incendiary of *Europe*, and who, by their Conduct of late Years, deserve to be stiled, the common Enemy of Humankind,

I could offer a great deal more to influence You, to stir up all that is *British* in You, on this critical Occasion. But this is not so fit a Time for *speaking* *warmly*, as *acting* *vigorously*. You have the *best Cause*, the *best King*, and the *best Religion* in the World to fight for; and the Prayers and good Wishes of all honest and worthy *Britons* attend you, and amongst the rest, those of

Your Fellow-Subject,



HONESTUS.

FINIS.

